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Boston, Jan. 11, 1845.

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Dear Mrs. Loring:

To say that the note, enclosing \$20 as a fresh token of your friendly regard and good wishes on the commencement of the new year, is received by us with thankful hearts, is simply to declare that we are not unfeeling; for, surely, the least that can be done by the receivers of benefits, is to acknowledge the kindness of the benefactor. But this gift is prized by us far above its pecuniary value, as it is a substantial assurance of the continuance of your personal interest and confidence, which we should lament to forfeit under any circumstances, and hope ever to retain. How much we are indebted to you and your estimable husband, through the strange vicissitudes

and fiery trials of many years, we need not declare, and you will not be desirous to remember; but it is all recorded on the "tablets of our Hearts", and will be immortal in our memories. We will not express the hope that you may be amply rewarded for "the" your friendly countenance and pecuniary aid, lest it should imply that you have not derived, from the deeds themselves, as soon as performed, an amount of pleasure constituting a rich recompense; but we are happy to believe that you can experimentally testify to the truth of the declaration, - "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And yet it is a very blessed thing "to receive," when the gift is bestowed by the hand of friendship, and serves to relieve actual necessities, as we can testify.

It is not too late to wish that this may prove to you and yours, the brightest and happiest year you have yet experienced in

in this "vale of tears" - (Thanks to kind Heaven
for the promise, that the time is coming when
the "all tears shall be wiped away," and this
discordant world shall be "filled with the
abundance of peace"!) What lies before us -
"through what new scenes and changes we
must pass" - whether our remaining days on
earth are to be few or many - is not yet a
matter of revelation; but, that we can be
Happy, in the purest and highest sense of the
term, be the mutations of our life what they
may, is most certain, provided we be always
animated by love and good will to our
fellow-creatures. "To be good is to be Happy,"
is a little adage, which no one seems to
reject or discredit as an abstract truth,
(like the boasted declaration, that "all men
are created equal,") but which few practically
regard. "Evil! be thou my good!" is often
the exclamation of many an erring soul
in search of Happiness; but it is not possible

to gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from
thistles. We must be right to feel right,
and then it is all right.

The congratulations of our friends on
the recent birth of a daughter to us, add greatly
to the pleasure we feel on that score. The little
one did not arrive in season to be called a
new year's gift from a beneficent Creator; but
we are quite willing to receive her as such, ay,
and to cherish her as a perennial favor.

We think she is a bud of promise - a tolerably
pretty babe - and deserving of all the kisses
we bestow on her - of course! You shall
judge for yourself whenever you can make
it convenient to take a peep at her. We shall
demand for her the rights of a human being,
though she be a female. We value her at a
high rate; but she is worth precisely as much
as any other child, and no more. How
valuable, then, are they all!

Wishing you to give to Mr. Loring

our warmest regards, and to accept
for yourself the assurances of our love
and respect, we remain,

Your grateful friends,
Jm. Lloyd Garrison,
Ellen E. Garrison.

Mrs. Lurisa Loring
Winter Street,
Boston.

